

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortuall and adjoin'd, which when it falls,  
Each small annexment, petty consequence  
Attends the boistrous raine, never alone  
Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.

*King.* Arme you I pray you to this speedy voiage,  
For we will fetters put about this feare  
Which now goes too free footed.

*Ros.* We will make haste. *Exeunt Gent.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord hee's going to his mothers closet,  
Behind the Arras Ile convey my selfe  
To heare the proceffe, Ile warnt thee 'I rax him home;  
And as you said, and wisely was it said,  
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,  
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare  
The speech of vantage; fare you well my Liege,  
Ile call upon you ere you goe to bed,  
And tell you what I heare. *Exit.*

*King.* Thankes deare my Lord.  
O my offence is ranke, it smels to heaven,  
It hath the primall eldest curse upon't;  
A brothers murder: pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharpe as will,  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
And like a man to double businesse bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than it selfe with brothers blood?  
Is there not raine enough in the sweet heavens  
To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,  
To be forefalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon being downe? then Ile looke up:  
My fault is past: but oh! what forme of prayer  
Can serve my turne? forgive me my foule murther?  
That cannot be, since I am still possess

## Prince of Denmarke.

Of those affects for which I did the murther,  
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene:  
May one be pardoned and retaine th' offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world  
Offences guided hand may shew by justice,  
And oft 'tis seene the wicked prize it selfe  
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so above,  
There is no shuffling, there the action lyes  
In his true nature, and we our selves compeld  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults  
To give in evidence: what then? what rests?  
Try what repentance can; what can it not?  
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?  
O wretched state! O bosome blacke as death!  
O limed soule! that struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged! helpe Angels, make assay,  
Bow stubborn knees, and hearts with strings of Steele  
Be soft as sinnewes of the new-borne babe,  
All may be well. *Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Now might I do it, but now a is praying,  
And now Ile do't, and so a goes to heaven,  
And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd;  
A villaine kills my father, and for that  
This sole sonne doe this same villaine send  
To heaven:  
Why this is base and filly, — not revenge:  
A tooke my father grossely, full of bread,  
With all his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,  
And how his audit stands who knowes save heaven?  
But in our circumstance and course of thought,  
'Tis heavie with him; and am I then reveng'd  
To take him in the purging of his soule,  
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?  
No,  
Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,  
When he is drunke, asleep, or in his rage,  
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,  
At game, a swearing, or about some act

That

